

# THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1935

JUNE 5, 1909

PRICE THREEPENCE

## "SCORPIO." By J. A. CHALONER

"He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible bitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man 'to sleep' with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort 'Scorpio.' So that when we look to the fair page itself we knew what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls 'The Devil's Horseshoe.' We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

A second sight for a philosopher—  
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—  
That gem-bedizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,  
Replete with costly bags and matrons fair!  
His votaries doth Mammon there array,  
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare's memory, and lands, with the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter's impertinent comments upon Shakespeare.

(Delivered, post-paid on receipt of two dollars, by registered mail, to PALMETTO PRESS, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, U.S.A.)

To Mammon there do they their homage pay;  
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,  
Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;  
Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;  
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-male squeak—  
Their *esous parvenus* of feature coarse.  
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!  
But, spite of them, the music's very nice.

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *tour de force*, in its way reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-biting. . . . Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth possessing."—*The Academy*, August 8th, 1908.

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## CONTENTS

Page	Page
Life and Letters . . . 171	Practical Idealism . . . 177
Sonnet (from the French of Ferdinand de Gramont) . . . 173	Shorter Reviews . . . 179
The Goose-Boy . . . 173	Waves . . . 181
Cocoa and the Censor . 173	Adventure . . . 181
The Sins of the "Saturday" . . . 174	The Country Life . . . 182
The Revision of the Prayer Book—III. . 176	Poor Burrage . . . 183
	Correspondence . . . 185
	Books Received . . . 187

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## LIFE AND LETTERS

THE great Mr. St. Loe Strachey, who has introduced the cocked hat into journalism, is now endeavouring to introduce the same proud head-gear into the sphere of religion. In other words, Mr. Strachey and the *Spectator* have decided that the Order of Confirmation is a thing of no importance at all, at any rate when it comes to be compared with the circulation of the *Spectator*. The *Spectator* is largely read by Nonconformists, and one of these, a lady, has written to complain that the vicar of the parish in which she resides has refused to admit her to Communion on the ground that she has not been confirmed. Here is the Rubric in the Prayer Book at the end of the Order of Confirmation: "And there shall be none admitted to Holy Communion, until such time as he be confirmed, or be ready and desirous to be confirmed." The lady in question has not been confirmed, and has no intention of being confirmed. Consequently, the vicar had no power or right to admit her to Communion, and her attempt to get up a grievance on the point is a piece of unblushing impudence. Mr. Strachey knows this just as well as we do, but rather than run the risk of hurting the feelings and losing the support of any of his numerous Nonconformist readers he throws over the authority of the Prayer Book and plainly states that "Worship in the National Church is free to all members of the nation, and such participation in its services includes the resort to the Communion for all baptized persons, provided only that they are not excluded by the Rubric which forbids resort to the Lord's Table to open and notorious evil livers." Which is as much as to say that Mr. Strachey arrogates to himself the right to pick and choose according to his own pleasure and fancy among the Rubrics, and to say this one is valid, but the other is not, and may be disregarded. It is high time that Mr. Strachey were made to realise that he has no such powers and no such authority. We hope he will be made to feel this in his tenderest part—namely, his circulation. A journal which for the sake of gain or to avoid possible loss

flouts the laws of the Church and endeavours to undermine and bring contempt on her authority is not one which can commend itself to loyal churchmen. All such people who are readers of the *Spectator* should give Mr. Strachey clearly to understand that he will lose their support if he cannot make up his mind to draw some sort of line to his "broad-minded tolerance." All through the late education controversy the *Spectator* supported the enemies of the Church, and it has now got to the pitch of saying practically that there is no church at all in the spiritual sense, and that it really makes no difference whether a man conforms or not. This is a despicable creed, but it is also a dangerous and deadly creed, and a paper which is using all its influence to promulgate such ideas is a dangerous paper. Mr. Strachey has, of course, a perfect right to his own views as to the best methods of building up and maintaining a large circulation, but he has no right to pose as a loyal churchman and to claim loyal churchmanship for the *Spectator* while he is spreading his subversive and insidious doctrines. If Mr. Strachey is a Freethinker or a Nonconformist, and if the *Spectator* is to be run on Freethinking or Nonconformist lines, let him say so flatly and frankly. He cannot have it both ways.

For now the poet cannot die,  
And leave his music as of old,  
But o'er him ere he yet be cold  
Begins the scandal and the cry.

Thus Tennyson in the black mood. The scandal and the cry, however, would appear to be over and done. What we do now is to rush in with ridiculous memories and fatuous reminiscences. Swinburne, our beautiful gossips and chroniclers of small beer have managed to forego. He would never permit them to know him in anything like an intimate way; consequently details as to his preference for strawberry jam and the colour of his bath gown have been spared us. With Meredith, unfortunately, it has not been so. In his later years Meredith became a very human and fatherly old gentleman, and allowed himself to succumb more than once to the blandishments of the Whitefriars Club. We do not remember that he ever graced the proceedings of that club by his presence. But he certainly did the next worst thing, which was to allow the club to come to him. The inevitable result is before us in the shape of "Some Memories of Meredith," by Claudius Clear, of the *British Weekly*:

On July 19th, 1900, the members of the Whitefriars Club, with many of their friends, had the rare pleasure and honour of being the guests of George Meredith at Box Hill. We lunched together in the hotel, and afterwards walked to the little cottage up through the smooth gravel path, and straight through the further garden, where the poet sat waiting for us. Admirable was the easy tact with which he managed to greet all the large and varied company of ladies and gentlemen. His quick eyes immediately singled out anyone who was in danger of being left out. I think the visitors were impressed by the noble head. . . . Equally were we struck by his conversation. Every single sentence was pointed and scintillating and characteristic. There was some little trouble in providing enough cups for all the invading party; we had been discussing some trouble then brewing in the East, and Mr. Meredith exclaimed, with a bright look: "I was just telling you there were troubles in China." I especially admired the deep and courteous interest he took in the different people who were presented to him. . . . I remember he discussed with the author a poem that had just appeared in one of the weekly papers. He seemed quite familiar with names and books which might have seemed not important enough for him to notice. A shy girl, overcome by the honour of actually beholding the author of the wonderful books in their dark blue covers, was beckoned by his imperious hand and told to sit next to him. He graciously gave permission

for the party to visit the little summer-house where he wrote so many of his books. The literary pilgrims were made to feel that they were conferring an honour upon him by their presence. . . . Mr. Swinburne at his own table and in his own house was a model of courtesy, but he did not seem to show any special knowledge of his guests. He took them as guests, and therefore entitled to the best that he could give them. Meredith had all Swinburne's courtesy, but he had the graceful and lovable art of making the humblest author feel that he knew him in his works, and was individually interested in him. Swinburne was a great reader of the newspapers, and was aware even of little things in contemporary literature, but I fancy Meredith far surpassed him in this, and he had also the art of recalling his knowledge, and the kindness to use it.

Fancy that now! Imagine "all the large and varied company of ladies and gentlemen" with Shorter leading on. Think of the visitors being impressed by "the noble head"; and consider the "bright look" with which Meredith must have said: "I was just telling you there were troubles in China," when a cup was smashed. And think how nice it is of Dr. Robertson Nicoll to admire, "especially" the "deep and courteous interest" which Meredith took in the different people who were presented to him, and how wonderful it was that a shy girl should be beckoned by his imperious hand and told to sit next to him. It is a thousand pities that Dr. Robertson Nicoll did not publish these exquisite memories in Mr. Meredith's lifetime; for we rather fancy that if he had the Whitefriars Club would have been made the subject of a few lines of Meredithese, which would have served to crumple it up for at least a fortnight. We can assure Dr. Robertson Nicoll that, in spite of what he was made to feel, the visit of all the large and varied company of ladies and gentlemen to George Meredith conferred about as little honour upon him as Claudius Clear's crapulous account of the proceedings now for the first time published.

Of course, we quite recognise that Claudius has simply been doing his best to be interesting. The fact that he succeeds in being merely silly is, perhaps, not his fault. Evidently he has a great memory for small things, and no memory at all for larger things. He remembers, for example, that the visitors were "struck" by George Meredith's conversation, and that "every single sentence was pointed and scintillating and characteristic"; yet he remembers none of the sentences themselves, and fobbs us off with the barely permissible persiflage about troubles in China, which is neither pointed, scintillating, nor characteristic. Of course, a great man in his garden chair, with a crowd of fearful and wonderful ladies and gentlemen from the Whitefriars Club bobbing and scraping round him, cannot be quite at his best. The pity of it is that a journalistic member of "the large and varied company of ladies and gentlemen" should fail to perceive that a man's privacy is his privacy, and that you have no real business to print after his death what you would have deemed it indiscreet to have printed during his lifetime. We note, further, that Dr. Robertson Nicoll professes to have a knowledge of Mr. Swinburne "at his own table and in his own house." And we note with infinite satisfaction that when Dr. Nicoll or his informant was at Mr. Swinburne's table Mr. Swinburne managed to treat him "as if he had no special knowledge" of him.

However, in the next column Claudius manages to tell us something which is interesting, if Claudius has remembered it rightly. He says that Meredith told him that one of his favourite passages in poetry was

the following lines from "In Memoriam," and that he, Claudius, "will never forget the vehement emphasis" which Meredith laid on the lines italicised:

Be near me when my light is low,  
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick  
And tingle; and the heart is sick,  
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame  
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;  
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,  
And Life, a fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,  
And men the flies of latter spring,  
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing  
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,  
To point the term of human strife,  
And on the low, dark verge of life  
The twilight of eternal day.

"The last quotation," adds Claudius, "led him to talk about personal immortality":

"You believe in it?" he said. "But for my part I cannot conceive it. Which personality is it which endures? I was one man in youth and another man in middle age." He then moved his stick in the ground and said, "I have been this and this and this. Which is it that is immortal?" I ventured to remind him of what John Stuart Mill said about the persistence of the ego. He said, with some vehemence, "I do not feel it. I have never felt it. I have never felt the unity of personality running through my life. I have been"—this with a smile—"I have been six different men: six at least. No," he said, "I cannot conceive personal immortality."

The *English Review* for June contains the usual batch of poetry. We are glad that the editor is doing his best to bring together some printable verses month by month, though we cannot always congratulate him on his taste. For example he prints four poems by John Galsworthy, one of which contains the following lines:

The sea joins Heaven,  
This green turf joins the sea  
From dawn till even  
The sun, the grass and we!

Marvellous! Particularly as the note of exclamation after "we!" is the poet's own. Not satisfied with this much, he gives us another strophe:

The southern wind-drift  
Shepherds her flocks of scum,  
And squanders, spendthrift,  
Her fragrance and her hum.

"Scum" and "hum" are really beautiful when you come to think of them. We are inclined, on the whole, however, to suggest that if Mr. Galsworthy cannot do better than this, he had better stick to his Suffragist fiction-writing. Another poet of the *English Review* is a gentleman of the name of Ezra Pound. His verses have all the appearance of having been written by Melchizidick Hundredweight. They begin in the manner of Mr. Crowley:

Damn it all! all this our South stinks peace,

which is pretty fair for a beginning. Mr. Pound evidently desires to appropriate for himself what is left of the mantle of Robert Browning. At the same time he forgets that there is a good deal more in Browning than mere ejaculation and eccentricity of interjection.

For the rest we chronicle with some satisfaction that the *English Review* has actually gone the length of publishing a sort of impressional essay which will

make the Suffragists cry "pshaw." The paper in question is by a Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Olive Garnett, and while in places it comes dangerously near mawkishness, we think that on the whole it is to be preferred to the saw-tooth utterances of the average raspy advanced female, and we are glad that the editor of the *English Review* has had the pluck to print it. We could wish, however, that he had softened down the author's expressions of admiration for beards and male ears with "faint down" on them. On the other hand, as she assures us that she "knows" that "happy married life is the crowning aim and glory of the average woman's existence," we must forgive her, and hope that she may never fall into the clutches of the scraggy sporters of the mauve, white and green.

The *Book Monthly* is concerned about what it calls "the novel crisis." And the editor has written round to various popular writers for their opinion of the sevenpenny novel. Naturally, he has received many novel replies, which, of course, he prints. One gentleman airs himself in the following strain: "I am glad you have written to me on the question of the price of novels as it is one on which I hold strong views." We should think so. Another novelist—a Baroness, by the way—feels, if you please, that "the author is the last person in the world to judge of the price at which a novel should be retailed to the public." There is humility for you. Of course, if your popular author can sell a novel out and out for say a thousand pounds, the price at which it should be retailed is perhaps no great matter from the author's point of view. But when it comes to the favourite single hundred pounds on account of a fifteen per cent. royalty, there is something to be said for deliberation. A sevenpenny copyright novel of the length of the ordinary six-shilling novel cannot in the nature of things be made to pay, unless the author's enormous sales are a fact and not a simple figment of the aspiration. And authors who are of opinion that the sevenpenny novel will not injure the sale of their six-shilling volumes have only got to wait to discover the truth. In certain circumstances cheap editions may improve an author's sales for the time being; but sooner or later they are bound to injure him most seriously. People will not pay six shillings for what they may reasonably hope to obtain for sevenpence without much real waiting. In all these movements for the cheapening of literature good, bad or indifferent, one cannot trace the smallest desire on the part of anybody to better the condition of the author; for when benefits are to be reaped it is the publisher and the public who are to reap them, and the author who is to be sacrificed at the harvest festival. We should advise authors who have the smallest regard for their own interests to hold out steadfastly against further blandishments of the cheap literature-mongers. When you write from seventy-five to one hundred thousand words on the off-chance of getting a remote fifty pounds for your labour, you are committing the unpardonable sin, no matter how bad an author you may be. There are numbers of novels published at six shillings which have been bought out and out for under fifty pounds. A reduction of the standard price to two shillings or two and sixpence, with publication at sevenpence after two years, would mean that the publishers pay the author less and less for his work when it is bought out and out, and make smaller and smaller advances when publication is on the royalty basis. The two-shilling novel is not yet definitely decided upon; for all that certain publishers are already making its possible advent an excuse for small purchase money and small advances on account. Practically the game is in the hands of the authors, if they will only have the sense to play it.

## SONNET

*From the French of Ferdinand de Gramont.*

ALL are not born for facile ways, to tread  
Roads trod by every foot; the Lord did frame  
Those sojourners in the wilderness that claim  
Free airs, and pathways to the mountain-head.  
Wild hearts, the city they condemn; instead  
They drink the torrent, the woods' tent of green  
And living roof of heaven their only screen;  
The shadow of a yoke their free brows dread.

Halted all day on some high mountain-crest,  
Upon the cup of solitude they feed,  
And though far men murmur at their pursuit,  
The Lord hath said: "Let no man them molest.  
Mine is their exile, sterile or full of fruit,  
And from the bit their reinless necks I freed."

M. JOURDAIN.

## THE GOOSE-BOY

I DRIVE the geese along lush holms,  
Through the sombre fen;  
No hind I meet nor maiden sweet  
To bid good-den:  
The louring clouds have over-blown  
Eve's western flare,  
But sad and low a dying glow  
Yet lingers there.  
One doleful blast, as I plod on,  
Distant and harsh  
From swine-herd's horn is faintly borne  
Across the marsh.  
Back to the lonely grange I drive  
My master's geese;  
And still do pray that after day  
Night shall bring peace.

S. S.

## COCOA AND THE CENSOR

THE *Nation* has hastened to the rescue of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The *Nation*, as our readers may not be aware, is a sixpenny review, edited by Mr. Massingham, formerly of the *Daily Chronicle*, and is understood to be financed by a Mr. Rowntree, who, if we mistake not, is a Quaker, and manufactures excellent chocolate at York. We take it that Mr. Massingham is a Nonconformist and a Liberal and a Suffragist and all the rest of it. The third party to the transaction with which we are about to deal is Mr. Shaw himself, who, according to his own showing, is a Bible-smasher and a Socialist, not to say a concocter of melodramas. Mr. Shaw has written what he is pleased to call a crude melodrama, and we learnt last week that the licenser of plays had refused to permit this melodrama publicly to be performed. It now transpires that the licenser of plays passed Mr. Shaw's melodrama in the crude or cocoa-berry lump, but desired that certain doubtful ingredients should be removed. In plain words, Mr. Shaw has informed the *Nation* that Mr. Redford objected to two passages in the play. With reference to one of these passages, Mr. Shaw assures us that no difficulty could have occurred. According to the *Nation*, the passage raised a question of taste, on which Mr. Shaw was willing to meet Mr. Redford's views. "It seems to us," says the *Nation*, "outspoken, rather than gross"; which is nowadays your true Nonconformist way of putting things, and warrants us, though we have not seen the passage, in assuming that it is, in fact,

"gross" rather than "outspoken." The passage which Mr. Shaw refuses to expunge is said by the *Nation* to be essential to the heart and meaning of the play. And our contemporary is of opinion that, in asking Mr. Shaw to extirpate it, the Lord Chamberlain's Office has outraged the decencies. Here are the words which have so much to do with the heart and meaning of Mr. Shaw's play:

BLANCO: Take care, Boozy. He hasn't finished with you yet. He always has a trick up His sleeve.

ELDER DANIELS: Oh, is that the way to speak of the Ruler of the Universe—the great and almighty God?

BLANCO: He's a sly one. He's a mean one. He lies low for you. He plays cat and mouse with you. He lets you run loose until you think you're shut of Him; and then when you least expect it, He's got you.

ELDER DANIELS: Speak more respectful, Blanco—more reverent.

BLANCO: Reverent! Who taught you your reverent cant? Not your Bible. It says, "He cometh like a thief in the night"—aye, like a thief—a horse-thief. And it's true. That's how He caught me, and put my neck into the halter. To spite me because I had no use for Him—because I lived my own life in my own way, and would have no truck with His "Don't do this," and "you musent do that," and "You'll go to hell if you do the other." I gave Him the go-bye, and did without Him all these years. But He caught me out at last. The laugh is with Him as far as hanging goes.

The beauty and dignity and literary distinction of these words will be obvious to every good Nonconformist. The *Nation* describes them as an effort on the part of Mr. Shaw "to think in terms of the dramatic," and it goes on to favour us with the following piece of sophistry, which we hope will be properly admired by the Nonconformists and Quakers of that ancient seat of the cocoa industry, York:

Having regard to all that the Censor has done and all that he has left undone, let us also mark his resolve to treat as mere blasphemy on Mr. Shaw's part the artist's endeavour to depict a rough man's first consciousness of a Power that, selecting Blanco as it selected Paul and John Bunyan, threatens to drag him through moral shame and physical death, if needs be, to life, and not to let him go till He has wrought His uttermost purpose on him. Mr. Shaw naturally makes Blanco talk as an American horse-stealer would talk. But how does Job talk of God, or the Psalmist, or the author of the Parables? Nearly every one of Blanco Posnet's railings can be paralleled from Job. Listen to this:

The tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure, into whose hand God bringeth abundantly.

He removeth away the speech of the trusty, and taketh away the understanding of the aged.

He taketh away the heart of the chief of the people of the earth, and causeth them to wander in a wilderness where there is no way.

They grope in the dark without light, and He maketh them to stagger like a drunken man.

\* \* \* \* \*

Know now that God hath overthrown me, and hath compassed me with His net.

He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass, and He hath set darkness in my paths.

He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone: and mine hope hath He removed like a tree.

Is this blasphemy? Is not Mr. Shaw's theme and its expression a reflection of Job's, save that in the one case a bad man speaks, and in the other a good one?

We have always contended that cocoa was a dull and soul-destroying drink; and it appears to us that here we have another pitiable example of the depths which can be plumbed by persons who blunt their faculties with this deadly brew. Mr. Massingham dare not say that the words he quotes from Job are blasphemy, any more than he dare say that the words he quotes from Shaw are not blasphemy. He begs the whole question when he likens Shaw to Job and when he likens Shaw's hero to John Bunyan and Saint Paul. In point of fact, Shaw is no more like Job than he is like

Jupiter, and Shaw's hero is no more like John Bunyan or Saint Paul than he is like Mrs. Pankhurst. To discuss the theological aspect of Job's writings with people who cannot see the difference between "Blanco Posnet" and "Pippa Passes," and who pretend that Mr. Shaw's play is similar in theme to the "Pilgrim's Progress," would be to insult the intelligence of our readers. There are plenty of passages in the New Testament which your atheist can quote with wonderfully specious effect when it suits him. But that a Nonconformist should suggest blasphemy against poor old Job, in order to bolster up the reputation of Shaw as a God-fearing man, would be altogether too ridiculous if it did not happen to be scandalous. We are not concerned with the blasphemies of Job or the sins of King David or the wickedness of John Bunyan or the wickedness of Saint Paul, but with the catch-penny and doubtful devices of George Bernard Shaw. We can quite readily conceive that a man of Posnet's character might speak of the Deity in the terms in which Mr. Shaw makes him speak of the Deity. What is more, we can conceive of such a man speaking of the Deity in even fouler terms. Mr. Shaw has drawn the line somewhere. He knows perfectly well that men of the type of Posnet are capable of using, and do use, epithets before the name of God which are unrepeatable. If Mr. Shaw is the true artist the *Nation* imagines him to be, and if the heart and meaning of his play are involved in the absolute coarseness of Posnet, why has Mr. Shaw kept the worst from us? He draws the line—and very properly. Unfortunately for him, however, he draws the line a great deal more slackly and loosely than the average decent person, and quite apart from what Job may have said, we are not going to have Blanco Posnets mouthing their coarse and indecent theological views across an English stage. Perhaps Mr. Massingham would like to read the passages which he quotes from "Blanco Posnet" in the next Nonconformist Sunday School. Or, conceivably, Mr. Rowntree might like to rise in meeting and read the same passages to the excellent Quakers of York. Neither Mr. Massingham nor Mr. Rowntree would condescend to any such reading. Why should they, then, complain because Mr. Redford recognises the advisability of preventing some unfortunate actor or other from bawling them to a respectable audience at a theatre? Of course, from the Nonconformist and Quaker point of view, people who go to the theatre are damned to begin with; so that a few words more or less from Mr. Shaw may not appear to be of great consequence. But even people who go to theatres have a right to be protected against unseemliness, and we are heartily glad that Mr. Redford has had the courage to exercise the powers of protection which are in his hands. It is interesting to note that the only other journal which is calling vigorously for Mr. Redford's removal because he has stood up for decency, is the *Daily News*, which is also a cocoa-fed and cocoa-supported sheet; besides being the chief organ of political Nonconformity and Socialistic Liberalism. There is a great deal of virtue in cocoa.

## THE SINS OF THE "SATURDAY"

THERE would appear to be something peculiarly ripe about the State of Denmark. The other week a great poet paid the debt of Nature. Immediately that excellent trade organ, the *Athenæum*, burst into print with an estimate of the great poet from the exalted and discriminating hand of one of the colleagues of "Captain Coe," of the *Star*. We reproved our misguided contemporary for this extraordinary lapse, and our words do not appear to have been wasted; for the *Athenæum's* eulogy of the late George Meredith, who has died since the great poet died, took a fortnight to produce, and is not signed by the colleague of

"Captain Coe." But while Mr. Rendell would appear to have profited by the lesson we offered him, Mr. Hodge, of the *Saturday Review*, continues his froward career, and has lately served up to his readers an article concerning a recently deceased poet from the pen of the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail*. At the time the article in question appeared in the *Saturday* we commented upon it in suitable terms; and, apparently, with a view of justifying himself, Mr. Hodge has since printed a number of letters which have been addressed to him on the subject by outside persons. In these epistles, one need scarcely say, the article of the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* is described as "admirable," "moving and eloquent," "excellent and moving," "just," "fearless and unexaggerated," and so forth; so that we make no doubt that Mr. Hodge now regards the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail*'s article with proper pride, and in the rosy light of what Carmelite House would call "a scoop." And what is more, he no doubt imagines that the common persons who had the temerity to confess themselves unimpressed by the brummagem and cheap sentiment of the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* are utterly confounded and confuted by the present pretty show of correspondence. The facts, however, remain where they were; and we regret that we should find ourselves still entirely unable to congratulate the *Saturday Review* on its manner of dealing with them. It is, perhaps, too innocent in us to expect from a journal of the *Saturday*'s reputation a fine regard for letters and for the integrity of letters. Friendships and the capturing of the ear of the groundling sentimentalist must always weigh with the *Saturday* when these affairs happen to be balanced against letters. An oily deportment and expressions of choking sympathy are doubtless more necessary to our contemporary than a proper opinion about poetry and the poetical decencies. Your minor poet A. commits himself to unseemly and blasphemous statements and devotes a whole blank verse composition to their development. B. points out that this has been done. A. dies or disappears, and the *Saturday Review* hires the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* to produce a pathetic article, in which it is explained that A. has been scandalously treated and cruelly neglected, and that the poor man had not sufficient money to entertain his friends to dinner at the Criterion Restaurant. And a fortnight later persons of the name of Wheeler, Legge and Coutts, together with a person who signs himself "A Mourner for the Old Order," are brought on to tell us how grateful they are to the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* for his eloquent and moving article. We should have imagined that the *Saturday Review* knew better. But with the colleague of "Captain Coe" producing panegyrics on Swinburne for the *Athenæum*, and the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* whimpering in Mr. Hodge's organ because his friend was short of money, we cannot expect the correspondence in that organ to be over-wise. Leaving out the main question, which we shall not discuss further than to assert flatly that John Davidson received a good deal better treatment both at the hands of criticism and at the hands of the State than his talent warranted, we should like to deal with some of the minor matters raised by the *Saturday*'s correspondence, and in dealing with them we must premise that we do so because they seem to us to be important, and because the editor of the *Saturday Review* appears to consider them negligible. Correspondent No. 1 is an entertaining being. He says: "As to reviews, is it Utopian to look for a time when the anonymous reviewer will carry as little weight as the anonymous letter-writer?" The *Saturday* apparently has not the pluck to answer this childish enquiry with an honest "No." The *Saturday*'s reviewing, like the

*Athenæum*'s reviewing, and the *Outlook*'s reviewing, and, to drop from the sublime to the pompous, the *Spectator*'s reviewing, is all anonymous. We are not concerned to assert that it is other than honest reviewing. But we do assert that there are grave reasons for supposing that the editors or proprietors of these journals dare not have it signed; for the very simple reason that whatever weight it possesses is due to the old reputations of the journals we have mentioned, and that the people who do the work are persons of little or no importance in the department of letters. When the *Athenæum* allows an important article to be signed, the signature is a revelation—it is the signature of a colleague of "Captain Coe." When the *Saturday Review* allows a "scoop" article to be signed it is with the signature of the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail*. What skeletons in the way of signatures may mop and mow in the reviewing cupboards of the *Spectator* and the *Outlook* Heaven alone knows! In any case, if the names of the actual working reviewers on the literary weeklies were to be divulged, much less printed at the foot of their notices, the polite world would at least be amused. Persons who write and persons who publish will tell you that reviews make no difference; broadly speaking, they tell you the truth; consequently, it is not Utopian "to look for a time when the anonymous reviewer will carry as little weight as the anonymous letter-writer." Mr. Hodge's correspondent goes on to suggest, like the babe that he is, that reviews are anonymous because reviewers are cowards and delight to express their resentment through a mask, which "conceals their identity." Mr. Hodge makes no demur. In point of fact, there is not a reviewer in London who does not pant to sign his remarks, acrimonious or otherwise, as the hart pants after the waterbrooks. But his editor won't let him, which is the fly in his ointment, the bitter in his sweet, the moth in his dinner-jacket and the scrawl in his inner-parts. In an ideal world everybody would sign. In a mundane world nobody signs; but it is not from modesty, and still less from cowardice. We are quite willing to admit that there are reviewers in the world who can be a trifle more malicious because of their anonymity than they would be without it. But, in point of fact, there is scarcely any malice in anybody's reviewing, and the little extra is readily discerned and passes by one more or less as the idle wind. The fault with most reviewing is that it is too tender, too chicken-hearted, and too given over to the proclamation of geese for swans. A very great deal of it, indeed, is written purely with an eye on the publishers, who, taking them in the rough, will inevitably refuse to advertise in journals which do not "work in with them" over reviewing. Of course, the editors of all literary papers are persons of honour in this regard. We shall not deny it, and we shall not assert that they consciously permit the publisher to control their reviewing columns. But it is an absolute certainty that the reviewer who insists upon saying the truth about modern books when he is invited to review them, seldom gets invited. He is voted "too severe" and said to lack the *suavitor in modo* which the manners of the time demand. However, this is a subject which could be developed at great length, and, fascinating though it be, the *Saturday*'s other correspondents are waiting.

Letter-writer No. 2, a gentleman of the name of Legge, adventures on the following observation:

During the past few weeks the patronising impertinence of successful mediocrity, and the self-satisfied dogmatism of anonymous ignorance towards an unhappy man of genius, have made an appropriate epilogue to the tragedy. . . . Perhaps the contention of these sages is true, that Davidson was a failure. At any rate, his failure was a greater thing than the success of many other men.

Again the editor of the *Saturday Review* makes no demur, and this time we think quite rightly. If any persons have contended that John Davidson was a failure they have plainly written themselves down for foolish persons. For our part we believe that Davidson expressed every ounce that was in him to express up to the time of his disappearance, and we have yet to learn how a man who could always find a publisher and always find an editor, and who received one hundred and fifty pounds a year from the State could be considered to have failed. There is not a poet in England to-day who, on being informed that Mr. Asquith had been graciously pleased to put him on the Civil List to the tune of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, would not consider that he had achieved success of the most comfortable kind where poetry is concerned. We can put our hands on at least two better poets than John Davidson to whom a hundred and fifty pounds a year from the State would mean all the difference between contempt and recognition and between poverty and competence. If ever a man had reason to thank his lucky stars, that man was John Davidson. A poet who sets out with a passionate longing for the sales of Miss Marie Corelli must never consider himself a failure if he does not get them. It is no good searching the empty cash-box of Poesy for gold pieces. The Muse is bankrupt and besieged by duns, and it is nobody's fault. Neither does she require us to be sorry for her. Her possessions and the possessions of her proper followers are necessarily and eternally different from the possessions of Mammon. She gives of such gifts as she has to rich men as well as to poor men; and she is not altogether likely to love the poor man who desires to make himself rich or even competent with her assistance. We do not wish to suggest by these words that Davidson was a poet for money's sake, or that he spent his life in a desire to make himself snug. He went wrong in a far more serious article—that is to say, he was infected with too much love of notice. It is now being argued by people of the stamp of the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* that recognition is as necessary to the poet as breath, and that it is a debt which the public owes to any person who can produce passable verses. We do not agree in the least. Recognition may be presumed to be pleasant and even inspiring, but it is no part of a poet's business to covet it or to allow the desire for it to develop into a passion. He must tear such a desire out of his heart and keep it out at all costs. Recognition has never been, and never can be, an affair for the poet himself. And it is not an affair for his friends, at any rate in their human capacity of friendship. We do not think for a moment that John Davidson's friends ever failed him. We are glad to believe that they loved and admired him and did for him all that it was possible for them to do. Furthermore, we do not believe that he ever had either enemies or detractors; there was no conspiracy to hold him down; there was no conspiracy of silence against him. There was nobody in England who failed to praise him for the good parts of his work. But apparently his position among his fellows did not content him. He could not point to any poet, other than Swinburne, and possibly Meredith, who was, on the whole, receiving a greater share of recognition and emolument than he was himself receiving. We always regarded him as a comfortable, happy, contented man. And, in spite of what he has written, we should doubt very much whether his disappearance had anything to do with either lack of recognition or lack of means. In any case, the public is not to blame, and it is ridiculous of the *Saturday Review* or any other journal to say otherwise. Cant is of no use to any of us, even if it reaches us by way of the *Saturday Review*. We should advise our contemporary to be a little more

concerned for poetry and a little less inclined to dabble with personal and sentimental affairs. We have not enquired into the treatment meted out to John Davidson's work by the *Saturday Review* at the time when John Davidson was still amongst us. We should like to wager, however, that it was not treatment which commended itself entirely to Mr. Davidson's friends. On the other hand, if the *Saturday Review* praised Davidson's poetry in ample and sufficient terms, Davidson must have had the satisfaction of knowing that he had been praised by a journal whose contempt for poetry is notorious; and it seems a little odd that the *Saturday* should complain. And if the *Saturday* blamed him, as it may well have done, it is equally odd that it should now put on the aspects of the outraged and the shocked.

## THE REVISION OF THE PRAYER BOOK—III.

HAVING reviewed in our former articles certain radical changes which it is proposed to make in the Prayer Book, we shall now notice some further alterations suggested. Two of these are of importance; the rest are for the most part trivial, and very often in the nature of concession to weak-minded faddists. In an open letter to Mr. W. H. Hill, Lord Halifax has pointed out that "The Ornaments Rubric is only too plain. Revision is advocated, not as an escape from ambiguity, but as an escape from its plain obligations." This is only too true; and since the prosecution of a priest for wearing the legal vestments is now felt to be impossible, it is sought to place restriction on the use of vestments by saying that "they shall be recognised as lawful *under proper regulations*." As might be expected, these "regulations" are not defined, so that provision is thus elaborately made for embittered strife; these blind guides labouring under the fond delusion that they are making a way for peace. At the same time, what is really unlawful is to be made legal, and given the first place—viz., the wearing of "the surplice with stole or scarf and the hood of his degree." Here it may be noted that anything more ludicrous than emphasising an academic hood as an Eucharistic vestment can hardly be imagined, especially when it is remembered of how many divers and wondrous colours and shapes the hoods of many academies are composed.

The last paragraph but one of the present directions concerning the Service of the Church reads thus: "And all Priests and Deacons are to say daily the Morning and Evening Prayer, either privately or openly, not being let by sickness, or some other urgent cause."

It was proposed to substitute "reasonable" for "urgent." The reason for this change was candidly stated in Convocation last month by the Archdeacon of Leicester: "The relief it would afford was," he considered, "even more needed now, when the duties of the Parish Priest were so complicated and exacting." This is truly an amazing method of excuse from primary duty. Mothers' Meetings, Bands of Hope, Finance and Sports Committees, *et hoc genus omne* are more important for a priest than Bible Reading and Prayer. We should have thought that the dignitaries who inspire rubrical change would have been mindful of the Priests' Ordination vow, "to be diligent in Prayers, and in reading of the Holy Scriptures." Our observation is that the men who are most scrupulous in having daily services are the town clergy, who have the greatest calls on their time; but in any case the reading privately of an office can take only ten to fifteen minutes. (It is satisfactory to

record that Convocation rejected the proposed alteration.)

We find ourselves fully in accord with one suggestion: that the Table of Lessons for Sundays, especially the Lessons from the Old Testament, should be revised. A great many chapters now read might be omitted with advantage—merely cruel episodes in the history of a cruel and semi-barbaric people. The Prophecies and the Books of the Apocrypha afford a wealth of choice for spiritual edification.

We cannot but agree with the alteration in the coarse-spoken Exhortation at the beginning of the Marriage Service, with its unseemly reference to the "brute beasts that have no understanding," yet which, poor creatures, only follow the laws of God in propagating their species, and maintaining life in the world.

A speaker at a recent public meeting in London declared that in this Exhortation "the Church of England declares with no uncertain voice that she adheres to the teaching of the Catholic Church and of the Bible that the single life is the higher one, by speaking of those who marry as 'such persons as have not the gift of continency.'"

We should like to know where is this authority of the Church or the Bible for this audacious statement. We are well aware of the personal opinion of St. Paul, given to meet special emergency, as he expressly informs us. Further, is it not manifestly absurd and illogical, first to inform people that "marriage was instituted of God in the time of man's innocency," and almost in the same breath to state that "it was ordained for a remedy against sin"? It would require a casuist indeed to reconcile these contradictory propositions. It is wisely suggested to omit the whole of the second clause in the Exhortation.

A want of liturgical knowledge is shown in a new Table to regulate the Service when two Feasts or Holy Days fall upon the same day. One example will suffice. When the Festival of the Annunciation falls upon a Sunday in Lent, Good Friday or Easter Day, it is simply suggested that the Collect for the Annunciation shall follow the Collect of the day. Nothing is said as to the transference of the Festival to another day, and thus we are left with a sort of nod to a great Festival on a Fast Day like Good Friday, a curious incongruity. In the Holy Communion office the Rubric ordering a sermon to be preached is altered so as to make the sermon optional. This practically upsets the Reformation Settlement, by which the Holy Communion (not Matins) was regarded as the chief service of Sunday, and therefore the only service in which a sermon was ordered, when the largest number of people would naturally be present for worship.

Further, a new Rubric is to be inserted, which is simply a most unwarrantable licence to make the first half of the Communion office an entirely separate service without any Communion. This is an altogether mischievous suggestion, for which there is no precedent in the Catholic Church.

In the Baptismal office the words "in the vulgar tongue" are to be omitted in the exhortation to godparents to teach children the Creed, etc. This is a charming and thoughtful concession to the sensitive. How rude and unkind to tell the moneyed and well-dressed people of Suburbia to teach their children in the "vulgar" tongue! But the revisers are inconsistent. Why do they not suggest another concession? Instead of saying "this child" to ask: "Hath this young gentleman (or lady) been already baptized?"

And certainly the title of another office should be altered to "The Churching of Ladies."

Here we may observe in passing that when the banns of several couples are to be asked at the same time, the Curate is to say, "If any of you know

cause . . . why these persons *respectively* should not be joined together." Seeing that this word is often now used by clergy in publishing banns, and that it is generally heard and understood as "*respectably*," we should have thought it would be wiser (if not kinder) to leave the Rubric as it is. In the Order for the Burial of the Dead, instead of the direction that the office is not to be used for those who "have laid violent hands upon themselves," the order is "for any that die . . . in the commission of any grievous crime." This suggestion shows an amazing absence of insight and foresight. How are the words "grievous crime" to be defined? And who is to define what is a grievous crime? Here is certainly a road to bitter trouble for relatives and all concerned, resultant from the possible vagaries of parsons possessing more conscience than common-sense, more scruples than common humanity.

In "Another Order for the Burial of the Dead" there occurs a very mild prayer for the departed, so timid that we almost wonder that an additional petition for pardon is not added lest it might have been wrong so to pray.

There has been much talk for years, and academic discussion in Convocation, about enriching our Prayer Book. These nervous, would-be revisers have done nothing of any real value in this direction. But they have suggested dangerous and far-reaching changes, involving questions of doctrine and practice, which would probably lead to deadly strife, if not rupture in the Church. One good work they have accomplished: they have shown what is best avoided, and, chiefly, the risk to the Catholic Faith in any revision at the present time.

## REVIEWS

### PRACTICAL IDEALISM

*Idealism as a Practical Creed.* By HENRY JONES, LL.D., D.Litt. (Maclehose, Glasgow, 6s. net.)

IF we turn to the severely impartial pages of the dictionary for a definition of "Idealism" (since it is well to be clear as to the meaning of our terms before we discuss their bearing upon life) we find, among other sentences which are *hors concours*, "tendency towards the highest conceivable perfection, love for or search after the best and highest"; looking farther, we note that an Idealist is "one who holds the doctrine of Idealism; an unpractical person." He is thus labelled somewhat gnatuously, and, considering that the words derive from a Greek root meaning "to see," this seems rather a curt way of dismissing the Idealistic school of philosophy; but we need not feel discouraged. People of kindly heart and fine insight and strong faith like Professor Henry Jones—we would that there were more of them—are not to be lightly brushed aside as "unpractical persons" without a word or two of protest, and in this case Professor Jones has collected these lectures, delivered in defence of his creed, into a book which we should like to place in the hands of every pessimist, provided that he could read plain English and possessed an intellect capable of grasping thoroughly the close reasoning here set forth. It is close reasoning—we must acknowledge that such volumes are not easy to read; the mind must be alert to note and remember each premiss to appreciate satisfactorily the sequent conclusion; but then, books of philosophy are not written for children.

Of necessity, the author does not attempt to draw up any final rules of belief or to confine his "credo" within the rigid barriers of a sentence or two. Philosophy is not a doctrine: it is an attitude of mind—

"the experience of the world becoming reflective, and endeavouring to comprehend itself; hence a final philosophic theory is not to be attained, and a fixed system is not to be sought." For all his pertinent arguments, his thesis has to admit the existence of a "great Perhaps," in the nature of things human; for not until we perceive a century or an era from an enlightened perspective can we fit together the links in its various conceptions of the universe, as expressed in the works of its mighty men of valour—poets, prophets, philosophers. "No thinker is great," remarks the author, "and no man is potent in action, save by virtue of the might of his times; as no word has meaning, and no musical note or architectural curve has beauty, except in its place":

Great men appear in great ages, and they are creatures of what they create. They come in "the fulness of time," their messengers sent before their face, into a world which is waiting for them. They are the consequences of vast upheavals, products of the world's stress and strain, pushed upwards from beneath by the pressure of mute social forces which have been long mustering. For this reason great men come, not singly as a rule, but in groups, like highest peaks in a mountainous region. The greatest of them does not stand alone, nor does he rise abruptly from the level plain. His base is on the tableland of some vast public emotion, and around him are companions less in magnitude only than himself.

Beginning with a remarkably good series of three essays on "Freedom," Professor Jones proceeds, as many others have done before him, to examine the position of Wordsworth and Browning in relation to the problems of modern belief, and his analysis, though naturally not exhaustive, is cogent and provocative of thought. "Wordsworth must still be regarded as a deliberate idealist and a very great one," he says. The contrast drawn between the two poets is clear and intimate:

When a poet is at his best there is a certain inevitableness in his work. He is driven by his moods as by a strong tempest. He is not always the master of his own conceptions. He says things greater than he knows; and often enough it is only the slowly maturing experience of later times which can bring out and make good his meaning. . . . No two great poets differ more from one another than do Wordsworth and Browning; yet their mission and their testimony were the same. They triumphed by virtue of the same convictions. Browning's expression of the unity of man and Nature in God was not so inevitable as Wordsworth's. It was more articulate and defined and punctuated; but it was less like the circumambient atmosphere, or the open eye of universal day. The unity of man and Nature for Wordsworth was temperamental, and it expressed itself in moods that were common to both; in the same gladness, love and peace; the notion of the Spirit within them was tranquil, like the deep breathing of a strong man asleep. But Browning's intuition of their unity was acquired. We feel that he had sat at the feet of modern science, even though he transfigured its lessons. We hear from him of the unity of the structures of visible things. He brooks no break in the ascent from lowest being to man's endowment; but he delights to mark its stages.

To return for a while to the essays on "Freedom," where the logical element appears at its best, Professor Jones points out how really complicated is this apparently simple conception, as are those of the psychologist's outfit, Mind and Reason and Will. "This simplicity is all false appearance. These ideas are simple only in the sense in which the seed of a plant is simple: its complexities are hidden, and its powers are asleep; it requires the whole scheme of Nature, earth and sea and sky and the revolving seasons, all in one conspiracy, to bring them forth." Through the early stages of civilisation, from that of the Greeks upwards, the rise of freedom—actual bodily liberty, at first—is traced; and the unanswerable question as to man's freewill takes its place in the discussion. "To do such things justice we require both

'Yes' and 'No.' It is true, in a sense, that the child is the man; but it is also true that he is not the man, and that his sole business, his life through, is to become the man." Human reason, of course, forms the fascinating subject of many pages, and it is curious to note here, as an aside, that precisely as in fiction we cannot do without Mr. Henry James, so in the domain of philosophy essayists depend for some of their points upon his brother of Harvard; in no less than four recently published treatises he is quoted and valued.

The art of ratiocination is dear to the young philosopher; "he is like the puppy-dog—he must tear things to pieces while he is teething"; and with this Platonic metaphor the author alludes to those men who appear at certain periods, "on the way to wisdom and not yet arrived." They bring trouble in their train; they have a good conceit of themselves, and would set the cosmos dancing to their own tune. "They will adopt no belief except that which approves itself to them as true; they will obey no law which they do not think just; they will lend themselves to no purpose which they do not themselves approve; and they have no misgivings, for the world has shrunk into the measure of their thoughts, and they know not that their minds circle within a larger system." Continuing, we have the description of the tardy progress of these ideas of freedom in thought. "There are no leaps in morals and politics, any more than in mathematics. It is as vain to try to superimpose an enlightened social polity on a savage people as to expect a beginner in mathematics to solve problems in the differential calculus. . . . If you cannot prove the truth of the things of the spirit to the natural man, no more can you prove or disprove a complex physical truth to an uneducated mind. A little child can make nothing of an advanced mathematical formula." And finally the logical results of the partial state of freedom to which our present condition of civilised life has attained are exemplified and discussed.

Throughout the book, however, the thing that strikes us as especially admirable and courageous is the author's insistence on an apparent paradox—the practicability of the visionary's outlook on the universe; and as this is precisely what he set out to prove, his matter and method must, from our point of view, be pronounced an unqualified success. "Man is never at his best," he remarks, "except when he is in touch with ultimate issues," and for the attainment of those ultimate issues the mind of the dreamer is a necessary equipment. "I do not wish you," he remarks, "to conclude that the poetic version of the world is the true version. But, on the other hand, I should like to warn you against what we know is the greater danger—namely, the assumption that the only version which can be true is the prose version." Again, addressing his students at Sydney University, he says:

Your city sparkles like a gem under your clear skies—with all its defects, a fair thing in the midst of loveliness. May I ask without presumption whether at times you pause, so that its beauty may pass into the soul and saturate it with joy? I do not judge you, for I do not know. But one thing I do know—that no man and no nation was ever truly great which did not commune with the quiet of the world—sometimes by means of reflective contemplation, as in the East; sometimes by means of Art, as in Greece and Mediæval Italy; more frequently by means of religion. Israel's greatest statesman was called forth from the land of Midian, where he tended sheep.

It was ever so; the man who gets the most out of life is he who cultivates the receptive attitude of mind, whose strength comes through quietness; which is by no means to predicate him as an idler or a non-combatant, be it clearly understood. "The structure of things is spiritual," and the office of Morality, Philosophy, Art and Religion is to reveal.

They elicit the music that is already there, like the wind amongst the pines. *Morality* does not make a man his brother's keeper: it reveals the brotherhood which had been ignored. *Philosophy* does not devise. It discovers. The presupposition which underlies all its efforts is that the truth is there, if it could only get at it, embedded in the very nature of things. *Art* is not artifice. It holds the mirror up to Nature, and the beauty of Nature passes into its face. *Religion* does not invent its God, it finds Him: and, at its best, it finds Him everywhere.

This seems to us excellently expressed, and worthy of all praise. Indeed, half the value of this volume lies in the trains of thought suggested by many well-considered sentences, perceptions which lead on almost involuntarily to personal investigation—a good test of the worth of a writer's matter. The objections of rationalism the author treats with respect, realising that all of them cannot be adequately met; but he need hardly have gone to such lengths to prove his own case. Rationalism and Idealism will never be reconciled. How can they be? They are on either side of a double-tinted wall, arguing as to its colour, and we will go farther, and say that the analogy holds good in that to some degree they are both right. The practical man must have a creed, though it be a poor thing; but the idealist aims higher, and is better off in the end. For one of his fundamental decisions is a threefold cord—that good will prevail, that "God's in His heaven," and that "all's right with the world," as far as men will allow it to be so; believing such a serene creed, he may well strive to assist the general welfare by bringing it down a little from the realm of dreams to the level of earth. And if only all idealists could accomplish this as successfully as the author of the book before us, the world might become a sweeter place to live in.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*Netta.* By FRED M. WHITE. (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.)

"SUDDENLY Lady Langworthy grew silent and almost rigid, and Netta felt, rather than saw, Gordon Falmer approaching. As she looked up she seemed to see two lightning sparks flash from his eyes." Aha! We know him—the villain, of course. But, no; it cannot be, for he "dies with awful celerity" on page 39. Perhaps this is he: "A man sat writing, a neat-looking man. . . . His hair was red, his eyes met nothing squarely, they were grey and shifty and cunning, with queer lights in them at certain times." Those queer lights are suspicious. Stay—we must not do him an injustice, for villain No. 1 comes to life again on page 92. Aha! We scent hidden documents and secret societies and all sorts of creepy things, and our perspicacity is proved correct, for "papers" have to be found in order to clear somebody's character, and Netta is the girl to find them; she rises to her feet on page 52, her eyes flashing and her breast heaving—"But it shall be done," she says between her teeth. "It shall. For your sake, my darling, I would do more terrible things than that. I will not leave this house till I know whether those papers are here or not." Brave creature! A pair of dice is the "sign" of the secret society, and a wonderful fluid which has the power of suspending animation explains the peculiar behaviour of villain No. 1. Within about thirty pages "that which before had been a motor-car was a mass of crumpled metal"—struck by lightning; the red-haired gentleman is blinded by the same flash; Netta plays a melody on her violin which makes Falmer (a) start; (b) his face go white; (c) his muscles stand out in knots; and (d) beads glisten on his forehead. To recapitulate all the extraordinary things

that happen in this extraordinary novel would—dare we say it?—weary our readers. We shall merely observe that Mr. White's fertility is amazing, and that his plot will prove very exciting to those who can read such a book as a means of pleasure. Unfortunately, we have to read it.

*Leaves of the Lower Branch; the Attorney in Life and Letters.* By E. B. V. CHRISTIAN. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

THE attorney, until about fifty years ago, seems to have been a very unfortunate person. He was the man to be abused by litigants when things went wrong; he was villified in literature, and accounted of small repute in society, so that the craft of the law as far as he was concerned suffered from much ill-considered wit and unmannerly objurgation. "What doctors were to Molière, what mothers-in-law are to the singers of the music-hall, that practitioners of the law are to the world at large," says the author on his first page; and his task has been in an exhaustive manner to trace these "leaves of the lower branch" (though not necessarily "shady" branch) through their vicissitudes in fact and fiction, so that the reader may learn a little more about the poor, maligned lawyer and his fate. Very interestingly is it done. He begins with a learned inquiry as to the plausibility of the immortal breach-of-promise case "*Bardell v. Pickwick*," and asserts, to the complete astonishment of the uninitiated, that those two smug and specious worthies, Messrs. Dobson and Fogg, have been dreadfully misunderstood—that, in fact, they were in the right after all, and were scrupulously honest and hard-working men of law! He substantiates this defence by legal demonstration, so we naturally dare not cavil very extensively with his verdict, but it is so great a reversal of the opinions to which from our youth up we had adhered that the shock almost takes away our breath. Proceeding through "*The Attorney in the Poets*," in which chapter Theobald, the hero of Pope's *Dunciad*, assumes the position of honour in more senses than one, since he appears to have been very hardly treated by the indefatigable manufacturer of couplets, Mr. Christian deals with "*The Novels of the Law*," "*Bleak House*," of course, is the most famous of these; Samuel Warren's "*Ten Thousand a Year*" and Anthony Trollope's "*Orley Farm*" come next, while there are various other novels not unknown to fame which make a strong point of legal affairs.

After discussing many aspects of the attorney, we come to "*The Attorney as Man of Letters*," and, as may be imagined, this section takes up a larger number of pages. The list of lawyers, if we include those who subsequently abandoned the law for other professions, and still made a name in literature, would fill a column, and we must refer our readers to the book itself if they desire more detail. The pages that describe the life of Horace Smith are extremely interesting; in fact, the whole volume is entertaining and well worth reading, if only for the sake of its information on the careers of famous men. If there are mistakes, we have found no glaring ones, and we can be sure that the task of compiling such a tome was no light one.

*Mrs. Gramercy-Park.* By A. R. GORING-THOMAS. (John Lane, 6s.)

THE American lady who is the heroine of this exhilarating novel differs from a good many American ladies (of fiction, of course), and we had almost added from most heroines, in that it is impossible to be bored by her company. She is slangy, impetuous, ambitious, extravagant, but she is always delightful. She simply

coruscates. Before we quote two or three of her pungent comments on England and the English people we must explain that she has, in her own expressive phrase, "money to burn," and that she comes over here with a meek little lady companion, determined to enter society and to spy out the land. In fact, "the Atlantic had been crossed for the specific purpose of watching the English Aristocrat get very drunk, cheat at cards and talk in epigrams."

She wanted to see him behave as he is generally depicted as behaving in the social and dramatic literature of the United States. Mrs. Gramercy-Park wanted to hear him say "By Jove," and "bally," and to see him wallow in a wild and wicked luxury. She was prepared, if the luxury included a good time for herself and the epigrams were not too humourlessly English, to marry a specimen aristocrat.

Her first experience with a family at Streatham, which she fondly hoped would afford a glimpse into the gilded halls of wicked baronets and wily dukes, is a pathetic failure; she merely meets the usual "arty" cranks who affect a mild bohemianism, are strenuously witty, and cultivate "spooks." By judicious manoeuvring, however, she does become a guest at various lofty places, and her desperate attempts to fathom the English mind, and, afterwards, to bind herself to a gentleman by proposing to him in a most barefaced manner, form an amusing medley—sometimes a trifle too much on the absurd side, we must admit. Mrs. Gramercy-Park herself, and her remarks in her letters to a friend, are irresistible. "I just feel about English jokes," she writes, "as most people would feel about walking barefooted in a dark room where some carpet-nails were lying around point upwards." She likes the hotel servants so much that she tips them every time she sees them, "to make sure that they shall go on doing it." The other characters are good; Mr. Harden, who expostulates with a friend to the effect that "if you marry a fool you're miserable, and if you marry a clever woman you don't know where you are," is one of the best. "Livin' with a clever woman," he says, "is like livin' with a mustard plaster. It's so damned irritating." And we must not omit Mousie Turton, Mrs. Gramercy-Park's companion, who outstrips her patron by having the sheer luck to nurse a little boy through a fever and marry his father, who shortly after becomes a duke. The way the acquaintance of these two, which began on board ship, is extended we must not expatiate upon; it is ingenious and not improbable; but its *dénouement* drives poor Mrs. Gramercy-Park raving with jealousy, and we leave her vowing that she "has not begun yet," that she will "buy a duke or a Serene Highness" and "make things hum in this old town." For which we do not part with her on the best of terms. Still, as one of her suspicious intimates remarks: "What's the use of disliking a person who has seventy thousand a year?" Her lively personality carries the book through without one dull page.

*The Wooden Horse.* By HUGH WALPOLE. (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

It is not often, among the general run of novels, that the setting of the story matters a great deal; too frequently the scenery is a mere necessity—things evidently must happen somewhere; but into this remarkably fine book the author has managed to weave the very spirit of the west country until the craving to see the "Delectable Duchy" once more, and to hear the cadence of Cornish voices, is almost overwhelming—at any rate, it is so to one who has already seen and heard these things and come under their magic spell. We feel sure no casual choice determined the stage for Mr. Walpole's characters; he knows the haunting

charm, the in-dwelling mystery of western moors and seas; he has heard the speech of its little bays of silver-sand, its tiny fairy harbours, and his success is complete.

The hero of the events which take place in these enchanting surroundings, Harry Trojan, has returned to the town of "Pendragon" after an absence of eighteen years, to find his ancient and historic home the centre of a little cult of language æstheticism, in the toils of which his son Robin has been caught, and the theme of the book is the struggle of this strong, hearty man for recognition among his own people. Very finely is the situation portrayed. He has looked forward for months to the first stroll with Robin: Robin has some books to see for a friend. He opens the windows to let in the glorious sea-sounds and the salt wind; his sister shivers and closes them. Things have altered since he went to New Zealand all those years ago; the town has changed; people look down on him superciliously from intellectual heights, and the son whose love and comradeship he had longed for so keenly has been learning "to adjust ties correctly and to choose waistcoat-buttons." Only the dear land is the same, but he hears with dismay that the fishing hamlet of "The Cove" is doomed to become fashionable.

As he passed down the crooked, uneven stone steps that led to the Cove he felt indignant, almost unhappy. It was as if a friend had been insulted in his presence and he had been unable to defend him. They said that the Cove must go, must make way for modern jerry-built lodging-houses, in order that middle-class families from London and Manchester might be sufficiently accommodated. The Cove had meant a great deal to him when a boy—mystery, romance, pirates and smugglers, strange Cornish legends of saints and sinners, knights and men-at-arms. The little inn, "The Bended Thumb," with its irregular, red-brick floor and its smoke-stained oaken rafters, had been the theatre of many a stirring drama—now it was to be pulled down, and there would be electric trams. It was a wonderfully beautiful morning, and the little twisting street of the Cove seemed to dance with its white shining cobbles in the light of the sun. It was as mysterious as ever, but colours lingered in every corner. Purple mists seemed to hang about the dark alleys and twisting ways; golden shafts of light flashed through the open cottage doorways into rooms where motes of dust danced, like sprites, in the sun; smoke rose in little wreaths of pearl-grey blue into the cloudless sky; there was perfect stillness in the air, and from an overhanging pail that stood outside "The Bended Thumb" the clear drip, drip of the water could be heard falling slowly into the white cobbles, and close at hand was the gentle lap of the sea, as it ran up the little shingly beach and then dragged slowly back again with a soft, reluctant hiss.

It was the Cove in its gentlest mood. No one was about; the women were preparing the dinner and the men were away at work. No strange faces peered from inhospitable doorways; there was nothing to-day that could give the stranger a sense of outlawry, of almost savage avoidance of ordinary customs and manners. Harry's heart beat wildly as he walked down the street; there was no change here, it was as he had left it. He was at home here as he could never be in that new, strident Pendragon with its utter disregard of tradition and beauty.

The reader will see at once that the place is inseparable from the story, and Harry is a pathetic figure, moving about listlessly, seeking friends, and for a long time finding none.

Robin gets entangled with a girl, and when he is disillusioned she refuses to give up his compromising letters; it is left for his father to gain them at last by his sincerity and charm where the arts of the other members of the household had failed; this pitiful period through which, as through a purifying fire, the miserable boy passes is recounted with most convincing reality. Then, to the consternation of the others, Harry falls in love with Mary Bethel, the daughter of a couple who have settled near. The progress of this late love of his is told very beautifully and tenderly;

we could not wish a single passage altered or a word varied. The return of Robin to a sane, healthy outlook on life concludes the theme. Our thanks are due to the author for a book which we hope will give many of our readers as much unadulterated pleasure as it has given us. We hope, also, that Mr. Walpole will write again about the county he loves so well, for we shall look forward to his next book with exceptional interest.

## WAVES

THROUGH the window-panes of the Fir-Cone Inn, across the garden, with its stiff fence of hollyhock, lies the sea; wave upon wave, gemmed with sunshine, uncoiling below upon the beach, or breaking in showers over an old wizard-shaped rock that sailors call "The Spirit of Solitude." Impassive, exiled from the clover-scented cliffs, it gives emphasis to the moving waters about it. Seaweeds cling around its mussel sides, iris-coloured and coral-pink; and once, long ago, so they say, Merlin, the Enchanter, touched "The Spirit of Solitude" with his wand, and ever since it has been under the dominion of the Moon. Why Merlin severed the rock from the land no one knows. Some think that down, deep down, lies buried the Enchanter's secret mysteries. And there is always a strange glamour just there about the sea. Beyond the old-fashioned garden of the Fir-Cone Inn, with its pinks from India and its white and black columbines, the waves break and the sea-gulls pass like pearls against the blue. An amusing contrast to a seventeenth-century seascape, one thinks, with each wave an ingenious curl! Less restrained this glittering mass of water, alluring and sequined as an actress's robe.

There is a delightful seascape in the Brussels Musée which hovers perversely in the mind: A *Court* seascape, with jade-green waves and ivory foam, curled and correct as a Louis XVI. perruque. Issuing from the shadow of a Greek temple, a lady, with no more serious luggage than a fan, a bouquet of flowers and a little black page, is seen to descend a flight of marble stairs and place, with studied grace, a satin slipper on the side of a barque that seems only made to capsize. Far away, beyond the drooping drapery of her sails, two small clouds, in close conspiracy, thread their way. It seems certain that before this reckless lady has been many hours at sea there will be a storm. One wonders what her destiny can be, whither she is bound, and vaguely—what she will do when she gets there. Will the fan, the flowers and the little black page, the only luxuries that seem left to her, fall victims to the curved treachery of the waves? Impossible to say.

Less artificial, and also less speculative, are the more modern seascapes of Anton Mauve, or of Marais. Take the Mauves and the Marais from the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, and compare them mentally with the "Spirit of Solitude"; Mauve, with his predilection for white twilights falling in loneliness over windy sand-dunes, where moor-fowl call in infinite sadness above the tufted grass, whose sole note of colour may lie in the blue smock of some peasant, solitary against the cold colouring of the sea; or Marais, scientific Marais, who knows every caprice of the waves, and sees them with the unemotional eyes of a doctor. Could either render on canvas the elusive fantasy of Merlin's Rock, catch the changing greens, the hurrying violets as they swell and fall, suggest the mystic sheen, the glamour of the Enchanter?

"Merlin! Merlin!" the seagulls scream, and in the garden the flame-red poppies sway, and the gold-tinted leaves of a magnolia blossom unfold wider in the strength of the sun.

Near by, in the village of Seven Stones, a clock strikes noon, twelve mellow notes, like the petals falling from a rose. A siesta? But it would be disgraceful. "If it were only Italy," you sigh. Rimini! to be at Rimini! little sun-baked town. Still, Merlin never had a rock at Rimini! And to return to the invisible flock of sheep, who in all the world could capture "The Spirit of Solitude" if Mauve could not, and Marais could not? . . .

Through the windows of the Fir-Cone Inn (it is not impossible to think and observe the world's happenings at the same time) one can see Pomona, bare-footed Pomona, gathering strawberries for lunch. There is nothing quite so blue in all the sea, or in all the sky, as that print frock of hers, you reflect; and then suddenly comes the flash, the inspiration.

But, of course, how absurd! Nobody could paint "The Spirit of Solitude"; it required music—music alone could describe it; music only could create the atmosphere, conjure up from the depths the forgotten secrets of Merlin, the Enchanter.

"Claud Debussy! Claud Debussy!" scream the seagulls, with the accent on the wrong syllable.

"But, silly birds, why not have said so at the beginning?"

Down on the beach the waves are breaking slowly in showers over an old wizard-shaped rock that sailors call "The Spirit of Solitude," and in the garden Pomona has seated herself on an empty bee-hive in the shadow of a cherry-tree, and is eating all the strawberries herself.

A. F.

## ADVENTURE

It is a large thing to write of Adventure. So much glamour and romance, such blare of trumpets summoning to arms, such drums throbbing and calling to great deeds are in the wind that a man's heart must quiver to be up and away upon the road to fortune, leading the regiment of his ambitions and in front the standard of chivalry. For I have no patience with those who cry that Adventure is dead and lies among the limbo of forgotten years. The trumpets, perhaps, are somewhat rusty and the drums are not so insistent in their call, but the regiment of ambition is ever upon the march and the standards honourably stained with the red tokens of war are yet to the front.

But it is not of these adventures that I wish to write now. "The most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek," said Stevenson (he who was so perfect a knight), and if this is true how pitiful a thing it is to think how many men there are who go forth to find adventure, court danger and even make love to Death, whom they boast with a fine bravery of words they like to encounter; how few there are content to stay at home allowing Life to take them by the hand and lead them up the hill to their journey's end, leaving it for the little gods to place in their path these beautiful adventures. It is of this latter, The Gentle Adventure, I write. Of the former, The Joyful Adventure, you may read in Sir Thomas Malory's great book and many others.

But not to all who are content to wait does the Gentle Adventure come: many may go down to the grave and never have looked upon her face, and it is a sad thought to think that when the end is reached they must look back a little wistfully upon the years and acknowledge themselves to have been unworthy: for Adventure is seldom mistaken in the choice of her ministers. But for those who meet her Life will not have been spent in vain. I remember as a small boy being taken to see an old man whose end was not far; for many years he had faithfully done his country's work and was hailed as good friend by men and

women of great name. I was ever full of curiosity about old men, how they had gone through the entrancing years of life, what honourable scars they had to show of past conflicts, and with my head full of high deeds and gentle knights I asked him if any great adventure had come to him. And he told me that once unexpected, un hoped for, Adventure had swung from the realms of romance and laid wait for him as he journeyed; he told me of the beauty and the joy of it, of the uplifting of his heart in brave songs of gladness, and of his sorrow when it was finished. "But," he said, and I can still see him in his chair, his grey locks sweeping over his ears and his eyes very tender, "you will learn one day, boy, that a broken heart is not bread nor sorrow the means of life: the memory of pleasant days will outlive and conquer the sadness of their ending." I did not understand then, of course, but I learned the story, the adventure of which he had spoken in later years. A tragedy of no great novelty: the passionate love of a man of great intellect and a poet for a woman who proved unfaithful. But the memory of pleasant days outlived the sadness of their ending: a fitting epitaph for so beautiful a life.

But there are men whose souls are blind; when the Gentle Adventure comes to them upon wide wings they do not see; sightless they are born and sightless they stumble on, because there is no doctor who can heal the blindness of the soul; it is their misfortune, though not their fault, and the majority of those who are blind do not even know of their blindness: it is the more pitiful since often these men's hearts are good and true and they have great affection; but of passion they do not know.

About these beautiful adventures there is not much to write: they are a man's own concern; quietly he will meet them and in the playing of them take his part; intoxicated with their mystery he will not talk, for the more we keep strange happenings to ourselves the more strange and delightful they will appear; and when the play is played and the curtain rung down the chief actor does not speak much upon the part he played. If he played his best he will not care whether the audience was meagre and the critics hostile or the audience large and the critics laudatory, if he made money or if he lost it; it is enough that he played his best and was pleased to play it. And the memory of the part becomes the more precious if he played to please another: some good comrade who could understand, some friend whose tongue was glad to cry "Well done," or, most beautiful, some woman to whom he had given his heart, at whose disposal he had placed his life. Not in vain will he have lived.

"To die would be an awfully big adventure," cried Peter Pan the valiant; and Death is, indeed, a great adventure that must come to all, worthy or unworthy. With stiff limbs and hair grey with the toil of years, with eyes tender because we have learnt the secret of things hidden from youth and to know is to pardon, great of soul we prepare for the last riding out. We take little with us: the record of a life which was well or ill spent; the memory of happy hours or sorrowful; the hope that is born in us and held by many creeds and men that life upon this earth is not all nor in vain, the hope in the immortality of the soul. There are many ways of Death and many opinions as to the best way: for me, that of the man of whom I wrote earlier. One evening in August, when the years were heavy upon his heart, he turned to his dearest comrade: "I am tired," he said simply. He went and lay down in his bedroom, and the members of that simple household gathered round: his friend, his sister and the few servants who loved him because of his ever-ready courtesy to those below him. Kindly and as though he were going but a short journey he bade each fare-

well. His sister he kissed and said: "You will not mourn," and she answered "No." She, too, understood. There remained but the friend: for a moment they held hands: "Good-bye, old friend," said the man; "I will wait for you upon the other side." He paused and showed the one touch of sentiment: "Do not be long," he whispered, his old voice slightly broken. Soon he turned his face to the wall, and, with courageous heart and high hope, entered upon the long quest. It is the men who do great deeds quietly that keep the beacon of chivalry alight before us.

Though I set out to write of the Gentle Adventure only, there is one side of the other, the Joyful, of which I wish to speak; a side little noticed in the books upon the subject. He who goes into the world as Knight of the Round Table can have no friendship—that rare gift which is as the sweetness of a spring shower upon the grass or as the dew upon the flowers. Many acquaintances he may have, but no friends. For the soul of the Joyful Adventurer is ever equipped with winged feet: from one place to another he goes, nor has time for the quieter realities of life. The cry of the South is in his heart and in gallant ships he sails to the far countries of music and song. Over many lands and waters he travels to drink the bubbling wine of Youth and dance in the revel of the roses. Southward with the swallows his desire leads him, and eastward to hail the sun at the gates of dawn. To feast his eyes upon the treasure of fabled realms; to feed upon the flower of sleep; to taste the spices of the Orient.

But though he travel across the world and follow the winds that blow, he will surely return with longing in his heart to the land of his birth; he will return to seek that for which his soul cries—he knows not what: the cry that sooner or later comes to all wanderers, bringing them back to the land where they lived as boys. But upon the wind-swept quay there will be none to welcome, no smile will lighten the lips of waiting friends. The cry of the South is lonely, and lonely must be the man who answers. He who would up and follow the Piper of Hamelin must become as a little child and take no thought for the delights of later years. Life, gay, irresponsible, heedless of mortal man, holds out her hands; and we have but the two to choose from; in our destiny none can interfere. We are the "masters of our fate," and with us lies the choice.

## THE COUNTRY LIFE

WE walked up from the station; the house-agent had said two miles and a bit to the village, and it hardly seemed the good three it was, and the dust was not as the dust of London which we had shaken from our feet. When it rained a little we sheltered under an oak in a cornfield. The hamlet—which "nestled in the heart of rural England," just as the agent had said—was a mere streak of flower-trimmed cottages, and the few slow-going folk we passed wore the fixed unseeing expression of country people, so unlike the alert glance of your Londoner; little flowers grew on the very thresholds. This puzzled me at the time; afterwards I learnt that these front doors were rarely opened, and that the cottage life ebbed and flowed through hidden doors at the back. It all helped out the peaceful impression. A couple of school-children did bob-curtseys as we passed.

Well, we came. We saw the house that day and were conquered, and for long that first impression of welcoming, kindly peace persisted. It is tangled up with the scent of sweet-briar and "old man's beard," and the milk and eggs of our first tea. We wanted it early, and square, that first tea, but had to wait till the

cows were milked. Ah! that was something like being in the country. I had forgotten how new milk looked till the hind brought it in from the byre, all foamy and warm.

So long as we only had a surface knowledge of the village and our own ideas of the inhabitants our illusions flourished.

There was old Hobden the Hedger, for instance, his very self, you would say; and the lady of the nearest flower-wreathed cottage was Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabage Patch. She passed every morning on her way to the shop, in a velvet mantle, always cheery and odd. Peter said she had a look of the late Dan Leno, but Mrs. Wiggs had it on the whole.

Early in our career the Vicar called. He had been vicar a-many years, so must have known his flock, and I can only wonder now at his forbearance when I (still under the spell) held forth about the unspoiled charm of place and people. It did strike me that his acquiescence was more polite than hearty. Anyway, he used the word "censorious" in that connection and may have intended a warning. However, for quite a long time that surface knowledge was all we had. But there is an insidious quality about rural tongues which cannot be withstood; by degrees our first fair impressions were effaced, and we learnt at last what the kindly Vicar tried to teach the day he came.

"Censorious"—and I had put the word aside almost indignantly! Now I know that as a description of his flock it was profoundly understated. Behind those muslin curtains, across those flower-locked porches, from old Hobden the Hedger to the bobbing school-children—over all was the same trail. Call it village gossip, or call it evil speaking, lying and slandering—it's one and the same thing; and for that the village lives. Yonder lad, with a knot of flowers in his cap, who calls the cattle home with a stout stick, stops for a word with the old hedger, while the cattle drink at the wayside pond. It is a pretty picture, just completed by the human interest—let us say the *deep* human interest. In all likelihood the simple pair are discussing the latest stranger within their gates, and speculating on his sources of income. They are seriously annoyed because the "Nuss" spends so much on white gowns, considering her wages, and they have the gravest doubts of the respectability, or solvency, of "Him." The bluff farmer and his boys have decided, in the pauses of their harvest homing, that it's not for nothing that artist-chap has taken the old Orchard cottage. "Painting scenery" they hold to be the merest blind at all events.

A group of labourers, in stiff Sunday garments, streeled past our gate. They are intimately dissecting life up at the Chapel Farm. Now the Chapel Farm had been interwoven with our early romance about the hamlet. A nice, fat churchwarden, Mr. Penney, had come down on our first Sunday in his shirt-sleeves to enquire if he should "Keep the pew for us," as it was Harvest Thanksgiving. It seemed so friendly, just what you would expect to happen. These honest villagers were now employing their Sabbath leisure in the old, but ever fresh speculation whether Penney's wife had really died of drink, or whether she had been driven to suicide by Penney's evil behaviour. On the whole, they favour the latter surmise. As they approach us they drop Penney's wife, and, turning a bovine gaze on Peter and his bulbs, mutter (audibly outraged) something about "gardening on Sunday!"

It's a dear house—ideal, you'd say. The black ceiling beams are so low that Peter has acquired a chronic stoop. We dine by the light of wax candles, a ring of them in an old iron chandelier, which hangs over the oak table. There are but eleven upstairs, and one of my windows commands a distant prospect of the pig-fold. Outside it is half-timbered and draped with a

gorgeous wistaria, forbye roses, ivy, and clematis on the porch. The privet-hedge between lawn and garden is clipped into a formal pattern. And I wonder, when all this becomes a memory and I am looking backwards, I do wonder what I shall think of it. You never can coerce these records, they are all on the knees of the gods.

But I hope, I trust, that as the realities recede, the first blessed impression will return, clear and true again. Vague prospects scented with sweet-briar in the early mornings after rain, cowslips at hot noon. Spacious forgotten green lanes shut in by towering, blossoming hedges, where weasels stroll across your path, and garden flowers grow wild and ungathered. The still meadows where mushrooms are found at dusk, with the mist rising. Where the loneliness of crowds is clean forgotten, and Nature lets you come very near.

Something, at least, of all this I hope will come back in time.

I hope that the villagers who break off their scandalous chronicle to scowl at our Sunday gardening will drop out of the picture, and that the women in motor caps and aprons at their bitter gossip over hidden back doors will seem merely an impertinent interruption.

F. W.

## POOR BURRAGE

THE *Hippopotamus*, a review of literature, science, art, politics, society and the drama, is, as everyone knows, one of the leading literary weeklies. Its original promoters decided on its rather eccentric title, with a symbolism now outmoded. The *Hippopotamus* was to be impregnable to outside contributors, and the editor was always invisible. The vile and secret arts of *réclame* and puffery were to find no place in its immaculate pages. One afternoon some time ago a number of gentlemen, more or less responsible for the production of the *Hippopotamus*, among whom was the editor, were seated round the fire in the smoking-room of a certain club. For the last hour they had been discussing with some warmth the merits of signed and unsigned articles and the reviewing of books. A tall, good-looking man, who pretended to be unpopular, was advocating the anonymous. "There is something so cowardly about a signed article," he was saying. "It is nearly as bad as insulting a man in public, when there is no redress except to call for the police. And that is ridiculous. If I am slated by an anonymous writer it is always in my power to pay no attention, whereas if the slate is signed I am obliged to take notice of some kind. I must either deny the statements, often at a great sacrifice of truth, or if I assault the writer there is always the risk of his being physically stronger than I am. No; anonymous attack is the only weapon for gentlemen."

"To leave for a moment the subject of anonymity," said an eminent novelist, "I think the great curse of all criticism is that of slating any book at all. Think of the unfortunate lady novelist or the young man first entering the paths of literature, and the great pain it causes them. You should encourage them and not damp their enthusiasm."

"My dear fellow," said South, "I encourage no one, and writers should never have any feelings at all. They can't have any, or they would not bore the public by writing."

The discussion was getting heated when the editor, Rivers, interfered.

"My dear South," he began, addressing the first speaker, "your eloquent advocacy of the anonymous reminds me of a curious incident that occurred many years ago when I was assistant editor of the *Hippo-*

*potamus*. The facts were never known to the public, and my old chief, Curtis, met with much misplaced abuse in consequence. There were reasons for which he could never break silence, but it happened so long ago that I cannot be betraying any confidence. All of you have heard and some of you have seen Quentin Burrage, whose articles practically made the *Hippopotamus* what it now is. His opinion on all subjects was looked forward to by the public each week. Young poetasters would tremble when their time should come to be pulverised by the scathing epigrams which fell from his anonymous pen. Essayists, novelists, statesmen were pale for weeks until a review appeared that would make or mar their fame. In the various literary coteries of London no one knew that Quentin Burrage was the thumper who thrilled, irritated or amused them. With the exception of myself and Curtis, no one knew exactly how much he wrote, though he was, of course, recognised as an occasional contributor. The secret was well kept. He was practically critical censor of London for fifteen years. A whole school of novelists ceased to exist after three of his notices in the *Hippopotamus*. The names of painters famous before his time you will not find in the largest dictionaries now. Four journalists committed suicide after he had burlesqued their syntax, and two statesmen resigned office owing to his masterly examination of their policy. We were all much shocked when a popular actor set fire to his theatre on a first night because Curtis and his dramatic critic refused to take champagne and chicken between the acts. This may give you some idea of Burrage's power in London.

"One day a curious change came over him. It was Monday when he and I were in the office receiving our instructions. Curtis, after going over some books, handed to Quentin a vellum-covered volume of poems, saying, with a grim smile: 'There are some more laurels for you to hash.' An expression of pain spread over Quentin's serene features. 'I'll see what I can do,' he said wearily. But his curious manner struck both Curtis and myself. The book was a collection of very indifferent verse, which already enjoyed a wide popularity. I cannot tell you the title, for that is a secret not my own. It was an early work of one of our most esteemed poets, who for some time was looked to, by his friends, as the natural successor to Tennyson. The *Hippopotamus* had not spoken. We were sometimes behindhand in our reviews. The public waited to learn if the new poet was really worth anything. You can imagine the general surprise when a week afterwards there appeared a flamingly favourable review of the poems. It made a perfect sensation and was quoted largely. The public became quite conceited with its foresight. The reputation of the poet was assured. 'The giant must be dead,' someone remarked in my hearing at the club, and members tried to pump me. One day a telegram came from Curtis asking me to go down to his house at once. A request from him was a command. I found him in a state of some excitement, his manner a little artificial. 'My dear Rivers, I suppose you think me mad. The geese have got into the Capitol at last.' Without correcting his classical allusion I said: 'Where is Burrage?' 'He is coming here presently. Of course, I glanced at the thing in proof and thought it a splendid joke, but, reading it this morning, I have come to the conclusion that something is wrong with Burrage. You remember his agitated manner the other day?' I was about to reply, when Burrage was announced. His haggard and pale appearance startled both of us. 'My dear Burrage, what is the matter with you?' we exclaimed simultaneously. He gave a sickly, nervous smile. 'Of course, you have sent to ask me about that review. Well, I have changed my

views. I have altered. I think we should praise everything or ignore everything. To slate a book, good or bad, is taking the bread out of a fellow's mouth. I have been the chief sinner in this way, and I am going to be the first reformer.' 'Not in my paper,' said Curtis angrily.

"Then we all fell to discussing that old question with all the warmth that South and the rest of you were doing just now. We lost our tempers, and Curtis ended the matter by saying: 'I tell you what it is, Burrage; if you ever bring out a book yourself I'll send it to you to review. You can praise it as much as you like. But don't let this occur again with anyone else's work.' Burrage turned quite white, I thought, and Curtis, noticing the effect of his words, went up, and, taking him by the hand, added more kindly: 'My poor Burrage, are you quite well? I never saw you in so morbid a state before. All this is mere sentimentality—so different from your usual manly spirit. Go away for a change, to Brighton or Eastbourne, and you must come back with that wholesome contempt for your contemporaries that characterises most of your writings. I'll look over the matter this time, and we'll say no more about it.' And here Curtis was so overcome that he dashed a tear from his eye. A few hours later I saw Burrage off to the sea. He was very strange in his manner. 'I'll never be quite the same again. If I only dared to tell you,' he said. And the train rolled out of the station.

"Some weeks later I was again in the editorial room, and Curtis showed me a curiously bound book, printed on hand-made paper, entitled 'Prejudices.' I had already seen it. 'That book,' Curtis remarked, 'ought to have been noticed long ago. I was keeping it for Burrage when he gets better. Shall I send it to him?'

"'Prejudices' for some weeks had been the talk of London. It was a series of very ineffectual essays on different subjects. Sight, colour, sound, art, letters and religion were all dealt with in that highly glowing and original manner now termed *Style*. It was delightfully unwholesome and extraordinarily silly. Young persons had already begun to get foolish over it, and, leaving the more stimulating pages of Pater, they hailed the work as an earnest of the English Renaissance. Instead of stroking 'Marius the Epicurean' they fondled a copy of 'Prejudices.' I prophesied that Burrage would vindicate himself over it, and that the public would hear very little of 'Prejudices' in a year's time. The book was sent; and the first part of my prophecy was fulfilled; Burrage spared neither the author nor his admirers. The pedantry, the affected style, the cheap hedonism, were all pitilessly exposed. London rocked with laughter. Some of the admirers, with the generosity of youth, nobly came to the rescue. They made a paper war and talked of 'The cruelty and cowardice of the attack,' 'The stab in the dark,' 'Journalistic marauding,' 'Disappointed author turned critic.' The slate was one that I am bound to say was *killing* in both senses of the word. A less worthless book could never have lived under it. It was one of those decisive reviews of all ages. 'Prejudices' was withdrawn by the publisher, fearful of damaging his prestige. Yet it was never looked on as a rarity, and fell at book auctions for a shilling, for some time after, amidst general tittering. The daily papers meanwhile devoted columns to the discussion. I telegraphed to Burrage in cipher and congratulated him, knowing that secrets eke out sometimes through the post office. I was surprised to get no reply for some weeks, but Curtis said he was lying low while the excitement lasted. One day I got a letter simply saying: 'For God's sake, come. I am very ill.' I went at once. How shall I describe to you the pitiful condition in which I found him? The doctor told me

he was suffering from incipient tuberculosis due to cerebral excitement and mental trouble. When I went in to see him he was lying in bed, pale and emaciated as a corpse, surrounded by friends and relations. He asked everyone to go out of the room; he had something of importance to say to me. I then learned what you have divined already. The anonymous author of 'Prejudices' was no other than Quentin Burrage himself, or, rather, not himself, but the other self of which neither I nor Curtis knew anything. He had been 'living a double life.' As a writer of trashy essays and verse, an incomplete sentimentalist surrounded by an admiring band of young ladies and gentlemen, he was not recognised as the able critic and the anonymous slater of the *Hippopotamus*. When he first received his own book to review he recalled the words of Curtis. He must be honest, impartial and just. No one knew better the faults of 'Prejudices.' As he began to write, the old spirit of the slater came over him. His better self conquered. He forgot for the moment that he was the author. He hardly realised the sting of his own sarcasm, even when he saw them in proof. It was not until it appeared and the papers were full of the controversy that the cruelty and unfairness of the attack dawned on him. I was much shocked at the confession, and the extraordinary duplicity of Burrage, who had been living a lie for ten years; and his denunciation of poor Curtis pained me. I would have upbraided him, but his tortured face and hacking cough made me relent. I need not prolong the painful story. Burrage never recovered. He sank into galloping consumption, only aggravated by a broken heart. I saw him on his deathbed at Rome. He was attended by Strange, and died in his arms. His last words to me were:

" 'Rivers, tell Curtis I forgive him.' "

" We buried him in the Protestant Cemetery next to Keats and Shelley. His sad death provoked a good deal of comment, as you may suppose; Curtis, of course, being blamed by the public. Strange has often promised to write his life. But he could never get through 'Prejudices,' and I pointed out to him that you can hardly write an author's life without reading one of his works, even though he did die in your arms. That is the worst of literary martyrs with a few brilliant exceptions; their works are generally dull."

" Is that all? " asked South.

" That is all, and I hope you understand the moral

" Perfectly, but your reminiscences have too much construction, my dear Rivers."

" The story is perfectly true for all that," remarked the editor dryly.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE ROMANCE OF THE WRANGLER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—That England cares nothing for education is the tritest of sayings; and seldom is the saying better exemplified than upon the rare occasions when a spasmodic interest is aroused in the doings of one of the ancient universities. For the salient points on which the public seizes are almost invariably the least essential.

In the eyes of the British nation—or, rather, in the eyes of the nation's spokesman, the daily Press—the Valhalla of the noblest sons of Cambridge is the Mathematical Tripos. This is regarded, like the Derby, as a race for three-year-olds, a race for the Senior Wranglership. And again, as of old, Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere. Each year the Senior Wrangler becomes, not indeed a nine-days' wonder, but a hero for part of a day, until, in fact, the two o'clock winner at Ascot shall oust him from his pride of place.

Now, how is this glamour that enwraps one solitary individual in one solitary tripos to be accounted for? It may

be a relic of bygone days, for the Mathematical Tripos is the oldest of the honours schools. But it is hard to credit even British conservatism with such persistence; the Classical Tripos has been established for nearly a century, and at the present day there exist more avenues to academic honours than can be easily counted.

" To be a Senior Wrangler," the papers annually repeat, " is the opening of a brilliant career in life." Is this the case? Has it ever been the case? Ask any ordinary man to name a dozen Senior Wranglers of the nineteenth century. He could not name even half a dozen; probably not even two, or one. And in truth there are but eleven whose fame has had a chance of travelling beyond their own university and their own branch of learning, and the names of some of these are scarcely household words. Four astronomers there are, Herschell, Airy, Challis, Adams; three physicists, Stokes, Tait, and Lord Rayleigh; two lawyers, Lords Justice Romer and Fletcher Moulton; while Cayley (a doubtful competitor) and Todhunter complete the eleven. Colenso, Todhunter's companion in crime, was only Second Wrangler; a position also occupied by the two Thomsons, Maxwell, Whewell, and Lord Courtney of Penwith.

That high Wranglers lead useful lives afterwards there is not the shadow of a doubt; but fame and fortune seldom fall to the lot of a student. For brilliance of career it is necessary to refer to the Classical Tripos lists of the years from 1824 to 1882. In 1883 the arrangement of the names in order of merit ceases. Here we find heading the lists such famous divines as Selwyn, Wordsworth, Vaughan, Westcott, Perowne, and Lightfoot; headmasters such as Kennedy, Butler, Kynaston, Welldon, and the younger Westcott; three judges, Denman, Macnaghten, and Kennedy, and many other equally familiar names.

Another point on which much stress has been laid during the last few years is the absence of the representatives of the greater Public Schools, and many strange deductions have been made therefrom. " It is well," wrote a member of the staff of a much-circulated daily paper, " that ability is thus enabled to assert itself, and that poverty is now no bar to the highest academical and professional distinction. The success of the Board-school and Grammar-school boys is a symptom of national progress." One thinks at random of Becket and Wolsey, of Wood and Whewell, Green and Newton, Shakespeare and Keats, and wonders what part national progress and the County Council schools, to say nothing of the educational ladder, can have played in the academic and professional distinction of men such as these.

But, as a matter of fact, the Mathematical and Natural Science Triposes at Cambridge have always been regarded as the peculiar preserves of the poorer men, and socially speaking, have been looked down upon accordingly. In default of further evidence, a mathematical man is held to be probably an " outsider," and, as such, to be avoided until further evidence arrives. The higher Wranglers generally hail from the Scottish and provincial universities, and from the smaller grammar schools. Taking, for instance, as an average sample, the first six men in each of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, we find Marlborough represented twice and Eton once, while no other Public School occurs at all. The Scottish universities have three representatives, and the colleges at Liverpool and Belfast each one, while King Edward's School, Birmingham, Leatherhead, Coleraine, Liverpool Institute, Manchester Grammar School, and the London International College account for the remaining seven.

Since 1882 the Senior Wrangler has lost even the little significance that he may have possessed at an earlier period; for in that year an innovation was introduced, and the tripos was divided into two parts. Of these the first is now an examination in the more elementary parts of Mathematics. The second is taken a year later, if at all; but as it is not in any way necessary for a degree, it is only as a rule a few of the best men who enter for it. In this more advanced examination, rather than in the first part, success should be an indication of ability, and five times at least has it occurred that the Second Wrangler has beaten the Senior in the second part.

At the time of the introduction of these new regulations the Smith's Prize competition was also remodelled. Two of these prizes are awarded annually, and up to the year 1883 they were given as the result of an examination on the subjects of the Tripos itself. Under this unsatisfactory method of allotment it naturally happened nearly every time that the prizes went to the first two Wranglers, and it would have saved much trouble and led to practically the same result if the second competition had been dispensed with altogether. But for the last quarter of a century these prizes have been awarded, not

as the result of examination, but to the authors of the two best theses in exemplification of original work done by the candidates themselves. In consequence, on ten occasions the Senior Wrangler has failed to win either prize; while in the year 1900 one of the prizes was obtained by the last but one of the Wranglers.

Now, if future brilliance is in any way foreshadowed by youthful academic success—and this is a doubtful proposition at best—it is safer to prophesy on the evidence of original work, rather than from pre-eminence in an examination. And in future, the British public, if it wishes momentarily to idolise the budding mathematician of the year, must devote itself exclusively to the study of the senior of the two Smith's Prizemen, for next year there will be no order of merit in the Tripos, and the Senior Wrangler and the Wooden Spoon will equally cease to exist.

A. J. S.

#### NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

"That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow."—"A Midsummer Night's Dream, V. i., 59.

SIR,—In my edition of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ("Arden" Shakespeare, Methuen, 1905) I adopted the conjecture of Cartwright, *stained*, in lieu of the folio corruption *strange*, the epithet of "snow," as being "the least unsatisfactory of the many suggested readings" of the passage. Herein I was chiefly influenced by the probability that the necessary antithesis in Shakespeare's mind had reference to the colour of snow, and not to its coldness. Moreover, he had already in the play referred to the usual characteristic of snow (III., ii., 141), "That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow." And the probability was somewhat increased by the fact that the correction of nearly every editor or critic proceeds on this hypothesis. It certainly does seem probable that Shakespeare might have used some epithet denoting colour, if we had any warrant for assuming that he had ever heard or read of coloured snow. In my note on the passage I observe that "in the Alps, and particularly in the Polar regions, snow is sometimes coloured red by the presence of innumerable small plants, consisting of brilliant red globules resting on a gelatinous mass. The plant is an Alga, and is known as the *Protococcus nivalis*. Red snow was observed in the Arctic expedition under Captain Ross in 1818 (see his narrative, 1819), extending along the cliffs on the shores of Baffin's Bay for eight miles, the red colour extending to a depth of twelve feet. If Shakespeare, as is probable enough, had read an account of this phenomenon in any of the descriptions of the old Arctic voyagers he would have been quick to utilise it, and hence it is no extravagant assumption to imagine that he might have written either 'stained' or 'orange' as an epithet of snow, signifying 'colour' without exactly defining it. Up to the present, however, no reference that I am aware of has been made to any passage of this kind in the old narratives." The phenomenon must have been known in Shakespeare's time, since Aristotle refers to it; and it is well-known at the present day. I find in a London daily paper of March 28, 1906, a paragraph that "snow of a reddish-brown colour has fallen on the banks of Lake Woerth in Corinthia. The phenomenon was accompanied by thunder and lightning and slight earthquake shocks." However, I am still unable to discover any authority which Shakespeare might have read, and which might warrant us in believing that he had utilised his knowledge in this passage to employ an attribute for snow denoting its colour.

I am now of opinion that the correct reading is "*flaming* snow," and that Shakespeare refers to nothing more abstruse than the phenomenon of a snow-clad volcano, like Hecla, Etna, or Teneriffe. He would have had no difficulty in ascertaining this phenomenon from the well-known volume of Hakluyt, "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, etc., by Richard Hakluyt, preacher and sometime student of Christ Church in Oxford. Imprinted at London by George Bishop, Ralph Newberie, and Robert Barker. Anno. 1599." The date of this volume is four or five years after that of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1594-1595), but it must not be forgotten that it included the two smaller volumes, published by Hakluyt in 1582 and 1587, which Shakespeare had, beyond question, read and assimilated. In "A Preface to the Reader, etc.," of 1599 volume we find the following suggestive passages:—". . . . as likewise of the continuall *flaming* of mountains, ftrange qualities of fountains . . ." and in "A Briefe Commentarie of Island

[i.e., Iceland] wherein, etc., By Arngrimus Jonas, of Island, (p. 556), the fixth Section," "There be in this lland mountaines lift up to the Skies, whose tops being white with perpetuall *snowe*, their roots *boile* with everlasting fire. . . . As though in these kinds of *inflammations* (i.e., a marueilous eruption of smoake and fire) there did not concur causes of sufficient force for the same purpose . . . (p. 557). But yet there is somewhat more in these three fained mountains of Island, which causeth the sayd writers not a little to woonder, namely, whereas they say that their foundations are always *burning*, and yet for all that, their toppes be never deftitude of *snowe*. Howbeit, it befeemeth not the authority and learning of such great clearkes to marueile at this, who can not but well knowe the *flames* of Mount Aetna, which (according to Plinie), being full of *snowe* all Winter, notwithstanding (as the same man witnesseth), it doth alwayes *burne* . . . What, if in Teneriffa (which is one of the Canarie or fortunate Ilands) the Pike so called, arising into the ayre, according to Munster, eight or nine Germaine miles in height, and continually *flaming* like Aetna. . . ."

The necessary antithesis to "ice" is "hot"; and having regard to the above passages from Hakluyt it is in the highest degree probable that Shakespeare's thought did not change its course, but dwelt on the same antithesis as being applicable to snow—viz., *heat*; and that consequently he wrote *flaming* snow. In fact, the probability here is so strong that it amounts to a certainty. If we are to surrender the idea of a word denoting colour being an epithet of snow, there is no word other than *flaming* which so well fulfils the necessary conditions of sense and rhythm; and it is equally essential that the epithet should be disyllabic, as in no other passage in the plays does Shakespeare use the word "wondrous" except as a disyllable; and therefore we cannot treat it for metrical purposes as a trisyllable—i.e., "wonderous," if it is followed by a monosyllable like the Folio "strange," or "strong," or any similar word.

It is necessary to remember that such evidence as the foregoing does not deal with ascertained facts, but only with probabilities, however strong and convincing. As Bishop Butler says (p. 3 of the Introduction to his *Analogy*, vol. 1. Ed. Gladstone, 1896), "Probable evidence is essentially distinguished from demonstrative by this, that it admits of degrees; and of all variety of them, from the highest moral certainty to the very lowest presumption": and (p. 5). "Probable evidence, in its very nature, affords but an imperfect kind of information . . . But to us probability is the very guide of life." And see chap. x. of Gladstone "Studies Subsidiary to Butler," p. 334.

HENRY CUNINGHAM.

#### "SCIENTIFIC TOYS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Enclosed is a sheet issued along with a recent number of Harmsworth's "Children's Encyclopædia," and bearing what is described as a "scientific toy." It is alleged that a square divided into 64 small squares (Fig. 1) can be cut into pieces which, placed in position as in Fig. 2, will produce a rectangle containing 65 squares of the same size as the original 64; and we are told that the solution of the mystery "can only be, that the *space occupied by the line* of the join, which runs from corner to corner, is equal to the space of the extra square."

It would take a clever man to cut the square as indicated by the dotted line in the top figure and place the pieces as indicated in the bottom one. They wouldn't fit; and it is only by deliberate false drawing that the second figure is produced. This latter is visibly absurd, and can easily be proved so: for the diagonal cut or join, which is supposed to be a straight line, passes from corner to corner (1) of a block of ten squares (five by two), (2) of a block of three squares (three by one), and (3) of a block of ten again; which is impossible, the block of ten and the block of three not being similar rectangles. Further, a line has no area, and therefore cannot be equal to the extra square; and, besides, there is more "line" in Fig. 1 than in Fig. 2. Still further, will Messrs. Harmsworth explain to the children, whom they profess to be educating, why, if they start by cutting up Fig. 2, and then place the pieces as in Fig. 1, they do not produce 66 squares, and so on *ad infinitum*?

I beg leave to protest, through your columns, against the dissemination among the young, in the name of science, of such manifest rubbish.

J. H. FRASER.

# THE JOHNSON BICENTENARY CELEBRATION AT LICHFIELD.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In connection with the bicentenary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Johnson, it is proposed to hold an Exhibition of Johnsonian Manuscripts, Books, Portraits, Pictures, Relics, etc., at Lichfield, in September next.

As Mayor of the City, I have been asked to appeal to all those who possess memorabilia of our great citizen to allow them to be placed on public view on that occasion. To make the Exhibition as representative and reminiscent as possible, it has been resolved to allow books, papers and articles to be sent either on loan or sale. All goods will be adequately insured, and the utmost care exercised to prevent damage and to return them in safety to their owners.

I venture, therefore, to ask all lovers of Johnson to co-operate in this undertaking, and to assist in making the Exhibition worthy of the name and fame of the great man of letters whose memory we desire to commemorate.

All communications should be addressed to the Town Clerk, Guildhall, Lichfield, by whom every information will be given.

H. M. MORGAN,  
Mayor of Lichfield.

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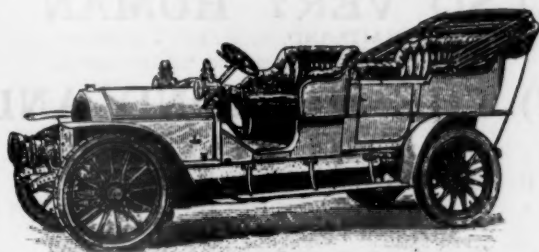
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*It is usual for publishers to make considerable play with "first reviews," particularly when they happen to be favourable reviews. The Academy Publishing Company published on Thursday last a book of SONNETS by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS, and with that great enterprise which so distinguishes it the "TIMES" of Thursday apportioned to the book its first review. Here it is in letters of gold :*

**"These [meaning the Sonnets] are marked by accomplishment in the sonnet form."**

*Of such noble and generous praise author and publishers alike may well be proud. The "Times" has spoken the truth, and the ACADEMY PUBLISHING CO. ventures to believe that the public which cares for verse will consequently hasten to purchase through their booksellers what is left of the first edition of the SONNETS. The price is still 2/6 net, though the encomiums of the "Times" might well have justified an increase.*



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